



ADVOCATING JUSTICE • BUILDING COMMUNITY

# STREETVIBES

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## A Joyous Hammer Strikes Again



Serious clowning. General Mayhem (right) and a companion clown submit to arrest. Tom Bottolene/CircleVision.org.

### Clowns and courage against nukes

By JANICE SEVRE-DUSZYNSKA  
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

**Oak Ridge, Tenn.** – “For those of you on probation, turn off your ankle bracelets,” said folk singer/songwriter Steve Jacobs, a member of the St. Francis Catholic Worker in Columbia, Mo. About 250 activists began the July 3-5 gathering for Resistance for a Nuclear-Free Future at Maryville College.

The purpose of the weekend was to increase awareness about nuclear issues and to promote direct action. Thirty-seven activists were arrested. “The timing – two months after the 2010 Non-Proliferation Treaty Review Conference and before the mid-term congressional elections – provided an opportunity to focus attention on nuclear disarmament and the need for nuclear-free and carbon-free energy,” the Nuclear Resister reported.

Participants celebrated the 30th anniversary of Nukewatch, the Plowshares movement and The Nuclear Resister.

The conference received a message from the

Rev. Louis Vitale, written from the federal prison in Lompoc, Calif., where he was held until the end of July for trespassing during a protest at Ft. Benning, Ga. Participants also wrote messages of support for other anti-nuclear and anti-war prisoners.

### ‘Imperial darkness’

Ralph Hutchison, coordinator of the Oak Ridge Environmental Peace Alliance (OREPA), related the history of the protests at the Y-12 nuclear-weapons complex in Oak Ridge.

“On Aug. 6, 1988, the 43rd anniversary of the bombing of Hiroshima, the blue line at Oak Ridge was crossed, and the first nuclear resistance there began,” he said Ralph Hutchinson. “It has been maintained ever since. In 1998 six actions launched modern-day resistance. After 9/11, the Y-12 Nuclear Weapons Complex was renamed the Y-12 National Security Complex.”

Y-12 was the code name for the site that enriched the uranium for the atomic bomb that the United States used to destroy Hiroshima, Japan in 1945. The plant produces essential components for all U.S. thermonuclear warheads, according to

See **CLOWNS** P. 4

## ‘Streetvibes’ Boycotts Own Award

### Vendors aren’t allowed to work there

#### Staff Report

The Cincinnati Human Relations Commission announced it would present an award to *Streetvibes* on July 26 for giving job opportunities to people who have disabilities. But *Streetvibes* declined to attend the award presentation because it was on Fountain Square, where vendors are prohibited from distributing the newspaper.

“If our vendors aren’t welcome on Fountain Square, the staff and volunteers don’t want to be there either,” said Gregory Flannery, editor of *Streetvibes*.

The Human Relations Commission held a four-hour celebration July 26 to mark the 20th anniversary of the Americans with Disabilities Act. The federal law forbids discrimination in hiring practices and requires public facilities to be accessible to people who have disabilities. Speakers included U.S. Rep. Steve Driehaus (D-Cincinnati) and City Manager Milton Dohoney.

*Streetvibes* is an employment system for homeless and other low-income people. Vendors, some with physical or emotional disabilities, purchase copies of the paper for 25 cents each and offer them for a donation of \$1.

The Cincinnati Center City Development Corp. (3CDC) manages Fountain Square under a contract with the city. A city ordinance and 3CDC rules effectively forbid *Streetvibes* vendors from distributing the paper on Fountain Square, according to

Kelly Leon, spokeswoman for 3CDC.

Flannery says he questions the constitutionality of any ban on distributing a newspaper on public property. He also points to a 2002 ruling by the U.S. Supreme Court throwing out an ordinance that banned religious displays on Fountain Square. Justice Paul Stevens cited “the square’s historic character as a public forum.”

“I doubt that 3CDC’s rules trump a Supreme Court ruling or the First Amendment,” Flannery says. “Fountain Square is a public forum. How can the city of Cincinnati ban a newspaper from a public forum?”

Flannery says efforts to get 3CDC and the city to allow *Streetvibes* vendors to work on the square have so far been fruitless. Leon directed him to call the city solicitor’s office, which didn’t answer phone calls or an e-mail, he said.

Last week, on the paper’s behalf, attorney William Gallagher wrote to the city solicitor.

“I write this to you hoping you will take steps to remove a practice that strikes me as unfair and many as unconstitutional. ... 3CDC permits corporations to make money on the square on a regular basis by selling food, drinks and products,” Gallagher wrote. “It permits *CityBeat* to distribute daily its newspaper on the square. The *Enquirer* is immediately accessible to someone on the square. However, members of our community who are struggling to find shelter, food and stability are denied an opportunity to sell a newspaper on public property by a private corporation allegedly working in the city’s interests.”

Flannery says he hopes the matter can be resolved without the need for further litigation against the city. *Streetvibes* is published by the



**Streetvibes can’t be distributed on Fountain Square. Anne Skove.**

Greater Cincinnati Coalition for the Homeless, which filed a First Amendment lawsuit against the city last month. At issue in that case is a city regulation that requires homeless shelters to take action against residents who panhandle.

If the Human Relations Commission presents the award to *Streetvibes* anywhere besides Fountain Square, the paper will be glad to receive it, according to Flannery.

“The 20th anniversary of the Americans with Disabilities Act is an occasion worthy of celebration,” he says. “But to offer an award for our work with vendors at a location where they are unwelcome – prohibited by law – is insensitive at best and hypocritical at worst.”



## By The Numbers

### 23,000

The profit, in taka, that a Bangladeshi woman made on the sale of a cow (see page 8).

### All

The number of Streetvibes vendors prohibited by 3CDC from distributing the paper on Fountain Square (see page 1).

### 2001

The year Joy Friedman broke free from prostitution (see page 3).

### 25

The number of years Barbara Gamboa taught disabled and emotionally impaired children (see page 16).

### 80

The age, in years, of a linden tree that 3CDC will destroy in Washington Park (see page 4).

### 50

The amount, in dollars, for third place in the Streetvibes essay contest (see page 5).

### 30

The number, in millions, of copies of *To Kill a Mockingbird* that have been sold (see page 13).

### 3

The age of a child who cooked make-believe chicken at Interfaith Hospitality Network (see page 5).

### 1989

The year the fictional Arjuna became supervisor at the Pauline Warfield Lewis Center (see page 7).

### 2

The number of clowns recently arrested at a nuclear-weapons plant (see page 1).

# The Business of Journalism

By GREGORY FLANNERY  
EDITOR

## Newspapers have a role, if they will fill it

In the mid-1990s I worked for a small daily newspaper that decided to put a feature story on the front page everyday on the theme, “Everybody Has a Story.” The theory was that people want “good news,” and we were going to give it to them.

The statement is true so far as it goes. Every human being has a unique story about how she became who she is. But as a matter of journalistic principle, the statement is absurd. Not everyone has a story that merits attention in a newspaper, let alone on the front page.

I protested the rule to no avail. Then, when it was my turn to write the front-page feature, I wrote about a dog that ate bees, wondering if – no, hoping – it would be too stupid to be published, thereby breaking the hold that this notion (“Everybody has a story”) had on the newspaper’s management.

Sure enough, the editor put my story about the bee-eating dog on the front page. In fact, a clipping of the article was posted on the newsroom bulletin board, with a note saying, “An excellent use of the genre.” It seems that every dog has a story, too.

I think about that editor when I see CNN anchors reading messages that viewers send on Twitter and when I see meaningless videos posted on local news shows: female cats nursing puppies. I think my former newspaper editor was onto something – and it’s not healthy for journalism or for civic dialogue. What we’re increasingly seeing on news broadcasts is the popularization of narcissism. Everybody has a story, everybody has an opinion and now, thanks to “social media,” everyone can publish it. If it’s outrageous enough or cute enough, it will get on the news.

Equal access to the means to express oneself is certainly democratic. But journalism isn’t supposed to treat all views and all stories as equal. Central to the role of journalism is the act of discrimination: This story is more important than that one. This fact is essential; that one is not. This opinion has more merit because it’s informed, whereas that opinion is merely inflammatory.

Have you ever read the comments about news stories posted online by readers of the Cincinnati Enquirer? Some are funny, many are vicious and most are irrelevant. The impulse to treat all opinions, all views, all perspectives as valuable has resulted in a lowering – rather than an elevation – of public discourse.

All this comes at a time when the current wisdom holds, “Print journalism is dead.” Don’t believe it.

We had been told that television was destroying newspapers. Now we’re told that the Internet is destroying newspapers.

It’s no secret that newspapers in the United States are in trouble. Many have gone out of business in recent years, including the *Cincinnati Post*. Many more have dumbed down their content in a misguided bid to attract readers. This is true of daily newspapers as well as some that once considered themselves “alternative newsweeklies.” Analysis, investigation and enterprise reporting have lost ground to entertainment.

As I write this, I’m preparing to attend the annual conference of the North American Street Newspaper Association. *Streetvibes* is part of a worldwide phenomenon: the growth and expansion of street newspapers.

In the past year, new street newspapers have begun publishing in Toledo, Philadelphia, New York City, Seoul and other places. Many street papers, including *Streetvibes*, have seen their circulation grow.

We received a letter last week from someone who said she has long bought *Streetvibes* in order to support the homeless people who distribute it but who, having read the content, now buys it in order to keep reading. If you look at street papers around the world, what you notice is a concentration on serious content – stories about human suffering, injustice, the victories of poor and oppressed people.

Street papers have limited resources, an abundance of earnestness and a growing readership. There’s a story there: Write something worth reading, and they will come.

I often meet with students from colleges and high schools and tell them that *Streetvibes* is the oddest newspaper in Cincinnati: written and photographed almost entirely by volunteers, our circulation is growing, while for-profit newspapers seem to be struggling. Throw in the fact that our paper is distributed by homeless and other low-income people trying to make a small living, and readers understand that we (and other street papers around the world) have a sense of mission that larger mainstream newspapers and broadcast news stations seem to lack.

Print journalism isn’t dead. And everybody doesn’t have a story worth publishing on the front page of a newspaper. Readers want meaningful content.

In the next edition, I’ll let you know what happens at the annual conference of the North American Street Newspaper Association. These things are important, just as it’s important to know that the city of Cincinnati bans the distribution of *Streetvibes* on Fountain Square (see “*Streetvibes* Boycotts its own Award,” page 1).



[www.facebook.com/streetvibescincinnati](http://www.facebook.com/streetvibescincinnati)



[twitter.com/streetvibesnews](http://twitter.com/streetvibesnews)



[streetvibes.wordpress.com](http://streetvibes.wordpress.com)

*Streetvibes* is an activist newspaper, advocating justice and building community. *Streetvibes* reports on economic issues, civil rights, the environment, the peace movement, spirituality and the struggle against homelessness and poverty. Distributed by people who are or once were homeless, in exchange for a \$1 donation, *Streetvibes* is published twice a month by the Greater Cincinnati Coalition for the Homeless.

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is a 501(c)3 non-profit organization that works to eradicate homelessness in Cincinnati through coordination of services, public education, grassroots advocacy and *Streetvibes*.



North  
American  
Street  
Newspaper  
Association





# Free at Last, Now Freeing Others



Joy Friedman. *Chris A.P. Bedell*

## Breaking free means a safe place and people who care

By Margo Pierce  
Contributing Writer

I am a survivor from the life, of the life of prostitution. Everything that we represent here I am a survivor of—domestic violence, prostitution, drug addiction, criminal justice system, homelessness, rape, all of that. I came here as a client and was a participant in the program in the beginning in 2001. I came straight out of incarceration into treatment and treatment introduced me to Breaking Free.

*Joy Friedman, women's program manager at Breaking Free in St. Paul, MN, makes direct eye contact as she speaks. There is no edge in her tone of voice and no hesitation in her manner. She is an advocate in a house of advocates helping women leave prostitution. When the door is closed to her office, what was once a bedroom in a converted house at 770 University Avenue West, her presence fills the space between boxes, piles of papers on a cluttered desk and the two guest chairs that leave only a skinny floor space for navigation.*

We educate the girls on what they [get] caught up in, cuz a lot of times we, as victims, blame ourselves and society helps us with that, saying, “You should do something else. You should have never gotten in this. It’s your fault. You cause this to happen to you. You chose this.”

In these groups we actually talk about what led up to it. Little girls don’t daydream about being involved in prostitution. I didn’t ask to get raped at 15 by a pimp and have three of his guys torture me and be held captive for 24 hours.

Yeah, I survived it and got out of it, but the trauma that was done to me is with me the rest of my life. That’s a big piece people don’t really look at or seem to forget, is that in prostitution it’s not just the sex piece. It’s not just, “OK, stop having sex, get you a regular job.”

If you’ve had sex with one guy or 1,000 guys that

impact of how you had it—the fact that we’re bought, you compromised your morals, your values if you had them in the first place—and here a stranger is doing things to you that’s supposed to be done in an intimate, loving, caring, respectful, agreed-upon relationship. That stuff sticks with you. You feel less, you feel dirty, you feel, “Oh my God, what have I done?” and that itself can be torture. And then you get that soiled feeling of, “Who’s going to want me after that? Am I ever going to be able to get the husband, the white picket fence, the dog, the family? Who’s gonna want a prostitute for a wife?” And there’s a lot of people who will help you with that as, “Once a ho, always a ho.”

Tricks help you with that. Pimps help you with that to confirm, “Don’t go anywhere else because nobody’s going to accept you. Who in society is going to have a prostitute as their day care provider, or their receptionist? You’re never going to be anything. And once they find out about your life, they’re going to get rid of you. So stay with me, I love you for who you are and what you do. Don’t worry. It’s safe, we don’t judge you here.”

*Breaking Free is one of only a few dozen organizations in the United States that is available to assist an estimated 100,000 prostitutes leave “the life.” Breaking Free offers those currently caught in the life of prostitution as well as survivors of prostitution a lifetime of support through peer counseling, support groups, temporary and permanent housing, case management and access to essential services such as health care, mental health support, addiction programs and more all in one place. By providing a safe place, the house in the heart of an urban center becomes a haven. The first step is a 14-week program called Sisters of Survival.*

The dynamics of prostitution is what we talk about in there, such as boundaries, recruitment, self-esteem, do you want this job? We compare the job versus a career, or a real 9-to-5 versus prostitution, escort services or dancing. Is that a job? Then we look at the differences in jobs, like workman’s comp protection, 401k plans, taxes. You look at all that.

That’s the thing about prostitution people don’t understand, you have low self-esteem and somebody in that lifestyle opens their arms to you, it’ll come down to “I need someone to appreciate who I am. I need someone to make me feel important.” So, a lot of girls get trapped through dancing. When you go into dancing, you’re actually the center of attention. Men come to see you. They give you money, they’ll buy you drinks. We know there’s an ulterior motive, but that feeds that missing piece.

This is a process for every girl. It’s a process for me and I’ve been out 10 years. I still have problems of my own, where I have to deal with issues—like I don’t have a relationship. Why? Cuz I don’t know how to have one. Even though I’m up here working with women and I’m helping them understand where we’ve come from and where we can go, that piece of relationship—mmmm. Can’t do that yet.

Sex, it has no meaning to me. If that’s what a relationship’s about I guess I won’t have one because I’ve had enough sex to last me a lifetime. If that’s what he wants and that’s what it’s all about then I’m ok with being by myself.

*A woman knocks and opens Friedman’s door.*

I’ve got a girl on the phone who’s in desperate, desperate measures. I don’t know exactly how to handle this.

*Friedman picks up a pencil at the same time she picks up the phone and begins to talk.*

Where ya at?

It’s OK, honey.

Are you OK at the moment? Are you safe? You remember me? Where did I see you? Good for you! You don’t want to do it anymore. You need to see your probation officer.

Do you have an addiction?

Keep it real with me.

Last time you used?

What’s your drug of choice?

Have you ever been to treatment, honey?

It’s OK

You’re tryin’ to fix a problem by admitting to it.

That’s not a bad thing.

You can let ‘em know you been sober.

It’s not like you’re tellin’ on yourself negative, you’re tellin’ them you need help.

It’s not your fault—someone’s using your situation.

Whatever we’re askin’ of you ain’t nothin’ compared to where you been.

We want to get you someplace safe to stay.

Have your probation officer call me.

### Getting Free

The following organizations provide services to women and men either in the criminal justice system or trapped in the sex trade.

#### The Empowerment Program

Provides education, employment assistance, health, housing referrals and support services to women who are in disadvantaged positions due to incarceration, poverty, homelessness, HIV/AIDS infection or involvement in the criminal justice system

303.320.1989

1-800-659-2656 TTY

<http://www.empowermentprogram.org/>

#### Sex Industry Survivors' Anonymous

Mission: Support groups for women and men who are currently in the sex industry and are trying to get out or who have already gotten out but are trying to find recovery. Membership requirement is a desire to leave the sex industry.

Services: Peer support meetings of survivors talking to one another. Meeting formats may be downloaded at no cost to all who want to set up local meetings.

888-702-7273 (toll-free)

<http://www.sexindustrysurvivors.com>

#### Polaris Project

Polaris Project is a national organization working to end human trafficking and slavery. They conduct direct outreach and victim identification, provide social services and transitional housing to victims and operate the National Human Trafficking Resource Center (NHTRC) serving as the central national hotline on human trafficking.

National Hotline:

[NHTRC@polarisproject.org](mailto:NHTRC@polarisproject.org)

1-888-3737-888

<http://www.polarisproject.org>

I can advocate on your behalf.

You don’t have to be with those men.

You don’t have to do this.

You deserve better than that.

You can do this.

It’s going to be hard because it’s going to be change but you can do this.

You got bigger and better things waiting on you out there.

It’s OK where we are right now.

*Friedman hangs up the phone, makes some notes and then looks up.*

The girls are real willing and open to hearing me because I talk our language, so they know I’ve been there. There are certain things about that lifestyle that, if you’ve been in it, there’s just certain language and certain things you know that you can’t just read that and learn it.



# A Joyous Hammer Strikes Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1



OREPA.

Jay Coghlan of Nuclear Watch New Mexico talked about President Obama's Nuclear Posture Review, which includes the new Uranium Processing Facility at Y-12; the Chemistry and Metallurgy Research Replacement Project at Los Alamos, N.M.; and the first new nuclear weapons plant in 32 years, in Kansas City. A protest is planned there for Aug. 14-16.

Recommendations at the conference included focusing on abolition – treating nuclear weapons as something as evil as slavery – and revitalizing public opposition to nuclear power.

The issues are linked, according to Hattie Nestel, a member of the Shut It Down Affinity Group, active against the Vermont Yankee nuclear power plant in Vermont.

“No nuclear weapons and no nuclear power,” she said.

Kathy Kelly of Voices for Creative Nonviolence recently returned from a month-long visit to Pakistan. She spoke about people trapped during night raids and U.S. drone attacks in connection with the so-called War on Terror. Kelly said she met an Afghani man who is one of 7,000 people who drive cars for the U.S. Army. A roadside bomb, an “improvised explosive device,” shattered his arm and leg. Soldiers took the man to an Italian hospital, and he never heard from them again. He whispered that he had seen U.S. forces kill people without any reason, Kelly said.

Workshops covered a wide range of peace and justice issues, from “Nonviolent Blockading” to

Protesters block the road at the Y-12 nuclear-weapons facility. *Tom Bottolene/CircleVision.org.*

“The Second Part of the Action: Representing Yourself in Court.”

Liz McAlister of Jonah House, widow of Plowshares Eight member Phil Berrigan, discussed a quilt draped in back of the stage, quoting the Hebrew Prophet Isaiah: “They shall beat their swords into plowshares. Nations shall learn war no more.”

“Isaiah announced the impossible,” she said. “And we must, too, in times like now of imperial darkness, of duplicity and conniving in high places. They dust off their tomes to ‘just wars,’ but the words of Isaiah must come to pass. These words surpass the human even while they demand conversion of hearts. We are not objects of fate. Despair is to our shame. Come forth. Come forth ... They dent the weapon in seeking to transform the object, and the transformers are transformed themselves.”

## Hammer time

The Rev. Carl Kabat, a Catholic priest for 51 years, has spent 18 years in prison. He sometimes dresses as a clown – “a fool for Christ” – during protests. He reminded activists not to be too serious. He also reminded Catholics that the hierarchy has condemned nuclear weapons.

“Working for justice is a constitutive element of the Gospels,” Kabat said. “It can be legal or illegal. Then we celebrate.”

Kabat quoted Rosa Parks, famous for refusing to

yield to racial segregation on a bus in the southern United States in the 1950s: “You mothers know. You do it because it needs to be done. We have a part in heavenly decisions.”

Kabat is one of the Plowshares Eight, who entered a General Electric weapons factory in King of Prussia, Penn., in 1980 and used household hammers to start destroying warhead cones on missiles.

Molly Rush, another of the Plowshares Eight, talked recalled her skepticism about the late Phil Berrigan, a former Catholic priest who was a legend in the anti-war movement. Rush said she and Berrigan were brainstorming.

“We talked about how we would get inside the GE plant,” she said. “When Phil Berrigan said, ‘Perhaps we could drive up in a floral truck, bringing flowers’ ... I thought it was a crazy idea.”

She quoted Berrigan: “Human beings made these (bombs), and human beings can unmake them.”

The lesson of the first Plowshares action?

“It takes vulnerability,” Rush said. “When I hammered down on the warhead, a piece of it chipped away and cut me under my chin. I was not invulnerable.”

Thirty-seven people were arrested in protests at the Y-12 plant – 23 for blocking the road with a banner and 14 on federal trespassing charges.

(Disclosure: The writer was among those arrested. So was Jon Blickenstaff of Cincinnati.)

# Neighborhood Rejects Takeover

## Killing trees, pushing out the poor

By Gregory Flannery  
Editor

Instead of welcoming plans to “improve” Washington Park, residents of Over-the-Rhine gathered July 24 to mourn what they’re about to lose.

The city of Cincinnati has given control over yet another public space to the Cincinnati Center City Development Corp. (3CDC), which plans to close Washington Park for 18 months while it destroys the swimming pool, basketball court and 59 trees. An underground parking garage, dog park and water-play area are part of the estimated \$47 million renovation.

Vermel Perkins, a longtime resident of Over-the-Rhine told the gathering that the changes are unwelcome and dangerous.

“What I don’t want to see in this park is the so-called sprinkler system,” she said. “I am in favor of saving lives and teaching children to swim. You cannot learn how to swim in a sprinkler. Do not spend our money on something we do not want.”

Bonnie Neumeier, director of the Peaslee Neighborhood Center, reinforced the point.

“African-American children drown at a rate three times higher than others,” she said.

Neumeier also pointed to the larger issue, the use of 3CDC to make Over-the-Rhine more attractive to people with high incomes, displacing many of the poor people who have lived in the neighborhood. The park takeover, for example, is intended to appeal to patrons of concerts at Music Hall and residents of condominiums that 3CDC

is developing in formerly low-cost apartments.

“(Vice mayor) Roxanne Qualls herself literally suggested the people who live around this park could be charged to maintain it,” Neumeier said.

She then listed some of those neighbors: the Drop Inn Center, shelter for homeless people, which the city is trying to force out; Over-the-Rhine Community Housing, which provides affordable housing for low-income people; and churches that have long served the neighborhood. All this comes as city council pursues zoning changes that would restrict non-profit agencies in Over-the-Rhine.

“We don’t want a manicured, fancy, expensive

“Do not spend our money on something we do not want.”  
-Vermel Perkins



Avtar Gill likes Washington Park. *Vinit Murthy.*

See TAKEOVER P. 12



# The Games Homeless Kids Play

Real rice and imaginary snakes

By **Angela Pancellia**  
Contributing Writer

“Are you a volunteer?” a 4-year-old wants to know.

Another small boy, 5 years old at most, is careening through the yard zapping imaginary spider silk from his imaginary web shooters. I help him up when he lands flat on his back at the bottom of the slide.

“Thanks, Spidergirl,” he tells me.

I’m at the Interfaith Hospitality Network’s Day Center. Yes, to answer the 4-year-old’s question, I am here to volunteer. The task of all us volunteers is simple/complex/humbling/utterly gratifying: We help children play. I’ve been at this twice a week for a couple weeks now; while the experience is still new, I’d like to share a bit about what I’ve learned so far.

The Interfaith Hospitality Network (IHN) matches religious congregations with families experiencing homelessness. In the evenings, families stay at places provided by a variety of local churches and synagogues, eat dinner and spend time with volunteers from congregations. In the mornings, all the families go to the IHN Day Center in the old St. Michael Church complex in Price Hill to work on getting into a more stable housing situation. Several case managers are on staff.

Most of the day, the children remain under their parents’ supervision. Four days a week there are morning classes in budgeting, parenting and life skills that the adults attend, and then in the afternoons the adults do chores around the center. It is during these times that volunteers and staff help most with the children.

I went to IHN after taking classes in early childhood education through the College of Mount St. Joseph and after working at Our Daily Bread in Over-the-Rhine. Through my classes, I’d learned much about the resiliency of children even in

times of great hardship. Through Our Daily Bread, I knew people experiencing homelessness might be going through hardships I can’t begin to understand. It made me wonder: What would the children at IHN be like?

The first morning I volunteered, Will Leever, IHN’s child-care coordinator, brought out uncooked rice in a large tray along with measuring cups, spoons, funnels and plates. A small group, infants to 5-year-olds, clustered round to check



**At play at the Interfaith Hospitality Network Day Center. Courtesy of IHN.**

out these treasures. Older children were attending a summer camp, thanks to Cincinnati Public Schools’ Project Connect. Soon little chefs were presenting home-cooked pretend meals for us to taste.

“What’s this?” I asked a girl who offered a plate of rice.

“Scrambled eggs!”

I acted like I was gobbling it all up.

A 3-year-old boy gave me his plate of rice next.

That was chicken. Another plate was cake.

So what are the children at IHN like? They are children. They love pretending, they love attention, they love exploring.

Love of pretending means play that mimics adult tasks such as cooking, because play is the means by which children rehearse their later lives. It also means that when I am turning a jump rope for a small boy, he suddenly decides the rope is a snake that must be run from, and then a snake that must be caught. In class, we talked about how make-believe provides a space where children can feel in control in a world where so much is out of their control. When my snake-hunting friend triumphantly grabs the rope, this no longer feels theoretical.

“I won!”

The children’s love for attention means that if I help push a child in a Little Tikes car around the play yard, I must be prepared to give a turn to every other child, too – and I must keep careful track of how many turns everyone has had. There is no finer-tuned sense of justice than that possessed by 2-, 3- and 4-year-olds. I give turns as best I can; there will be other opportunities for them to learn how life can be unfair.

Love of exploring means all volunteer eyes have to be sharp. All parents know the lament, “I just turned my back for one second.” Our job is to make sure no one gets hurt, no matter where they run, climb or crawl. I love watching the determination of very small children climbing the ladder on the playhouse – just as long as there’s another volunteer to catch them going down the slide.

I’ve loved my time at Interfaith Hospitality Network. I encourage anyone who has an interest in children’s development, who wants to provide support for families experiencing homelessness and who values play to call IHN at 513-471-1100 or write [info@ihncincinnati.org](mailto:info@ihncincinnati.org). The more volunteers who are there regularly, the more individual attention each child can receive – and children thrive on this.

## How to Improve Our Country

‘Streetvibes’ essay contest

Lots of people move to the United States, but a lot fewer ever decide to leave. For example, in 2002, 27,299 Canadians immigrated to the United States, but only 5,299 Americans permanently moved to Canada. Last year more than 1.1 million immigrants became legal, permanent residents of the United States.

That speaks volumes about how great a place America is, but it doesn’t mean that we can’t make it even better. Whenever we have a federal election, millions of citizens go to the polls and vote for the candidates they believe will work hard to improve things, yet millions of others – at least 40 percent of eligible voters since 1970 – do not even bother to vote for a president. By not voting, they waste a very important freedom.

If you think voter apathy is a problem, you’re on the right track. Now just tell us what you’d do to correct it. Or even if you’re one of the more than 2

million Americans in a state or federal prison, let us know if you think crime in America is a significant problem and tell us how to reduce it. It’s no secret that in 2008 more than one in every 100 adults in the United States was behind bars, the highest documented incarceration rate on earth.

Of course, other countries have lots of people who do bad things, such as the drug barons who force us to try heroin and cocaine. Is that the way it is, or do Americans voluntarily hand them tens of billions of dollars every year for highly addictive chemicals that ruin our lives? What if only 10 percent of that money would be used instead to help homeless people or to train Americans for better paying jobs?

Do you think we have any problems worth mentioning? Poverty? Racism? Homelessness? Domestic violence? If so, tell us what they are and what we should do to solve them. You could win up to \$100 and help to make our nation an even better place to live.

Explain what you know about one problem in the United States and describe in detail your plan to help solve it. The importance of the problem you mention will be considered, but more weight will be given to how insightful and practical your solution is and to the quality of the writing.

The prizes will be \$100 for first place, \$75 for second place and \$50 for third place.

Send your essay of up to 1,000 words to [streetvibes2@yahoo.com](mailto:streetvibes2@yahoo.com) or *Streetvibes* Essay Contest, 117 E. 12th St., Cincinnati, Ohio 45202. Entries must be received by Sept. 1.

Include your full name, age, mailing address, phone number or an email address where we can reach you. If you are a student, tell us where you go to school.

Judging will be by the volunteers who contributed the prize money and by *Streetvibes* staff.

Donors for the prize money include Robert Pohowsky.

Are you interested in helping  
with *Streetvibes*?  
Are you a proofreader, writer, poet, artist or  
photographer? If so, contact  
Greg Flannery  
513.421.7803 x 12 or  
[email\\_streetvibes2@yahoo.com](mailto:email_streetvibes2@yahoo.com)

# Homeless and Hopeless No More

## Gregory Flint and the power to change

By **Gregory Flannery**  
Editor

**G**regory Flint is on his way. It's been a long journey out of homelessness, addiction and prison.

After growing up in Avondale, he enlisted in the U.S. Navy at age 18, serving from 1984 to 1992.

"I became homeless after getting discharged out of the Navy," he says. "That's when my drug addiction and alcoholism started. I stayed with a couple of women, having children. Then I was sleeping in front of the courthouse, in abandoned buildings. I've been to the penitentiary twice on drug charges."

Flint's familiarity with inebriation came very early in life and set his course for decades.

"I started drinking at the age of 5," he says. "My Dad would give me beer to help me sleep. I started liking the way it mad me feel. I didn't really know myself because, growing up, I was always using. I was basically a loner. I had two brothers beneath me but I never felt like I fit in. I was the black sheep of the family."

That sense of isolation, fueled by addiction, affected the next generation as well.

"Being homeless doesn't just affect me," Flint says. "It affects my family, too – the lack of sleep, the lack of rest for my mother worrying about me. I took from my Mom. I stole from her. My son is still

bitter at me for not being in his life. He's scarred. The whole family has to heal."

Flint says his life changed this year. Jan. 7 was his last day of drinking, he says. On Jan. 11 he started a program at the Salvation Army intended to help end his addiction. He graduated July 4.



**Gregory Flint has been sober six months.**  
*Jeni Jenkins.*

"God delivered me," Flint says. "I have a little over six months sober."

He wears a lapel pin marking him as a member of the Salvation Army's "Redeemed team."

"You only get this when you graduate," he says. "I wear it proudly."

The changes in Flint's life have been dramatic. He attends Constellation Baptist Church in College

Hill, where he is a member of the men's chorus. He goes to daily Narcotics Anonymous meetings. Now living in the Salvation Army's transitional housing, where he'll stay two months, Flint plans to move onto long-term transitional housing.

"It's been suggested by my sponsor that I stay in structure for two years because I was a chronic user," he says.

A little more than a month ago Flint was hired as a prep cook and dishwasher at Via Vite. His employer knows about Flint's background – and therein lies the moral of Flint's story, he says.

"My employer was very pleased with the way I've changed my life," Flint says. "He knows my background. If a person just looks at the things you've done, they're not looking at you. Society will try to label you. I have two felony convictions but I'm not a felon. Spiritually, a person can look at you and see if you're a good person. Then they'll see that you made some mistakes but that's not who you are."

Flint says he knows his struggle isn't over, but he is proud of the progress he has made this year.

"I have to do a lot of self-talk: 'You're a good guy, Gregory. You're doing a good job.' Meditation is very important to me," he says. "I journal: How did I feel when things didn't go my way? Was I close to relapse?" Being vigilant is very important."

As for the future, Flint knows exactly what he wants.

"My goal is to further my education in culinary arts," he says. "My dream is to be an executive chef and own my own restaurant."

# Learning by Serving Poor People

## Cincinnati Urban Experience

By **Brian O'Donnell**  
Contributing Writer

**F**or many students, summer is a time for pool parties and beach vacations; but for a group of 36 high-school students from Green Bay, Wis., summer is the season of volunteering and extra-curricular education.

Since 2007 the Cincinnati Urban Experience has coordinated with parishes, non-profit groups and universities nationwide to bring students of a variety of ages to Cincinnati's historic Over-the-Rhine neighborhood. This is the same neighborhood that a year ago WLWT (Channel 5) reported was the most dangerous neighborhood in the United States.

The program and the neighborhood offer an opportunity for students to gain awareness and become active within the community, according to Jeni Jenkins, education director for the Greater Cincinnati Coalition for the Homeless. Most of the students who come for Cincinnati Urban Experience trips are completely unaware of the neighborhood's condition and its perceived problems, she says.

"It's considered a dangerous neighborhood, but I don't focus on the negative stuff," she says.

Kendra Burbach is a 17-year-old student from Green Bay who didn't know much about the neighborhood except for its name and location. Burbach, along with her peers, expected a large city like Chicago, unlike Green Bay, which she described as small by comparison. But instead the students found themselves surrounded by Over-the-Rhine's striking architecture.

The students volunteered at local non-profit agencies such as Tender Mercies, which assists

homeless individuals who suffer from mental or emotional disabilities.

"I always wanted to do something like this," Burbach says.

Volunteering at the Peaslee Neighborhood Center, distributing food at the FreeStore FoodBank and other agencies has an impact, the students say.

"Everyone has been thankful," says Carly Ripp, 15.

Cincinnati Urban Experience, however, is not simply volunteer work. Without context, the essence of volunteerism is lost, Jenkins says. The idea is to combine service with education, including time to reflect and talk about the work being done.

"If I reach at least one of them who come on the trip, I've made a difference," Jenkins says.

She wants the students not only to interact with the community, but to understand the issues that affect the area, such as gentrification and the idea of a living wage and how minimum wage often fails to meet that standard.

"One of the things Jeni is informing us a lot about is what the city is doing against poorer people," Burbach says.

Education on these issues is not without bias,

Jenkins says. Many of those who speak to the students during the education sessions are activists or are formerly homeless. Jenkins also includes speakers of differing viewpoints, such as Cincinnati Police officers.

The students glean much from the experience, and the non-profit agencies appreciate the help.

"They appreciate the fact we bring them steady volunteers," Jenkins says.

One of the most important aspects of Cincinnati Urban Experience is how the trip can change the participants, Jenkins says. Students are sometimes surprised by the notion that homeless people deserve dignity and respect, she says. Participants begin to think



**Students from Green Bay, Wis., volunteer in Over-the-Rhine.**  
*Jeni Jenkins.*

more critically about homelessness and have their eyes opened to things they didn't know about, Jenkins says. She hopes these ideas will stay in the students' minds when they start their careers, improving understanding of poverty and breaking stereotypes.

"I learned to be thankful for everything we do have," Ripp says. "I wanted to help people. I look at the world from a different viewpoint. ... People with all the money and power are taking over with no regard."

In the end, Jenkins encourages students to ask, "Where do we go from here?"



# Seeking the Wild Cleanliness

Starting with mangled care

By **Steven Paul Lansky**  
Contributing Writer

1989

A gray slop sink with four old frayed mops, knots hooked in clumps of filth, orange plastic handles lying at odd angles in a state of utilitarian neglect. The white tile halls of the Pauline Warfield Lewis Center looked neglected, too, barely cleaner than the maintenance closets, rags scattered, paper towels strewn, stacked with supplies.

Begging, stuttering patients in ill-fitting clothes lurked with nicotine-deprived and psychotropic drug-induced tremors behind nearly every locked door. “Got a cigarette?” was their halting mantra. Green walls, wooden doors with small, square wired windows swung into areas between the wards keyed only by staff or supervisor.

In the odoriferous custodial closets the new supervisor, Arjuna, driven to work by need for income, found brass and rubber squeegees without extension handles, empty and busted spray bottles, spent orange aerosol cans in need of disposal, food wrappers stuck to the yellow tile floor, orange and black vacuums clogged with dust, rubber belts broken, black cloth bags with damaged fasteners and no new replacement green liners. Stacked among boxes of toilet tissue and paper towels were half-empty five-gallon buckets of red, yellow and blue floor solutions, each with a specific use.

At the hallways’ ends were brown steel doors without windows that, when keyed, swung into corners with external doors, also locked and windowless. This was a dark place to be walking with a cleaning crew of former patients pushing house-keeping carts of heavy brown plastic and bright yellow vinyl.

Churchill was the best of all janitors Arjuna ever supervised. Church trained Arjuna to run a four-man cleaning crew at Lewis Center, a dirty, neglected state mental institution. Tile floors became endless corridors, a maze of doorways keyed by a fistful of master keys turning sometimes clockwise and other times counter clockwise. Scratched in the paint or plain wood above each knob was an arrow to indicate key direction to the uninitiated. Each supervisor carried keys; workers could only borrow them. The patients waited by the locked doors begging for a soda or a cigarette. Arjuna shared with the crew but not with the patients.

One of the originals had been fired; and when Arjuna saw him at the central office and supply center, the worker stuttered that he wanted to be friends.

“Could I have your number? Will you call me?”

And Arjuna was cold and distant, had his own priorities. The worker knew trouble like the supervisor never could. Arjuna heard the man leapt to his death from a freeway overpass. The poet turned supervisor could not face his former employee’s funeral. Hoist a pint for him – someone (Arjuna had given up booze and weed). Now a college graduate, he’d had to beg for a job – no name please ... one of the lost janitors of the ’80s. He never hurt anyone but by embarrassment of his pitiful nature. Ashamed to be pitied.

Churchill was patient with Arjuna until Church was the last of the original four-man crew Arjuna had inherited. Church and Arjuna had had one night when they disagreed. Churchill had fight in him though mostly was gentle as a lamb. Arjuna had to call Captain Star, the neatly uniformed tough talker of the campus police. Everyone referred to them as “security” but Star fumed if it wasn’t “Officer Star” or “Captain Star.” A flash of eye and tooth and flaring tempers were quenched in a thirsty cool soda while Star stood by, his arrogant mustache bristled with calm.

“A disagreement between two good men, two good workers.”

Lisa, the other supervisor, had been a problem. Now that she’d been fired, Arjuna had responsibility for the whole crew, the whole building. Church had difficulty adjusting to the supervisory change, his job was no longer set; he had to face a team approach with Arjuna making more decisions. As many as 14 workers might turn up on a given night, or as few as five. Arjuna’s task was to settle things down and to clean the building.

In training, Arjuna, Churchill and the freaky suicidal toilet man had cleaned half the building. Lisa and her crew cleaned the other half. Over a period of months the job had expanded and it became increasingly more difficult to finish in the allotted time. Arjuna had asked Nate, a thin white manager who moved with the frantic energy of a speed freak, to talk to Lisa about helping at the end of the night. At least, Arjuna asked, she could send some fellows over when they were through. Thin Chuckie was set in his ways, though, and Lisa didn’t want to disrupt his routine, she claimed.

Once Arjuna was under the stars, smoking a glowing Camel, giving himself a break alone, when he saw Lisa driving around the parking lot in the company van. It wasn’t even that late. Arjuna had mentioned it to Nate.

“If she has time to drive around ... couldn’t she drive over to the far end with some crew members and help us knock out the kitchen and the kitchen hallway? It’s not fair, Nate. She’s finished and I’m still milking my cunt.”

scared, but had a sense that he was on the other side now. No more joints with Riley, the welfare artist, Arjuna had hung with before he got the job. No more fighting Lisa. He told Nate he’d take the job. Nate agreed to bring him back to his car after he took the crew home. It was a clean sweep. Now he turned his back on Riley and the drugs; he headed for responsibility. Soon Arjuna would be a non-smoker.

*Trains pass at switches in the night—  
head beams cut gleaming paths  
like two janitors methodically backing mops—  
one out of a room, arms in locomotion,  
legs, patterns of moving oaks steady  
over damp rag heads,  
the room butts against a hall,  
where the other works easily,  
pausing to clear doorways.  
I stand in the twilight of my struggle,  
where they intersect – a rock,  
between them and a hard place.*

## At Ronald’s Bar

“Are you serious?”

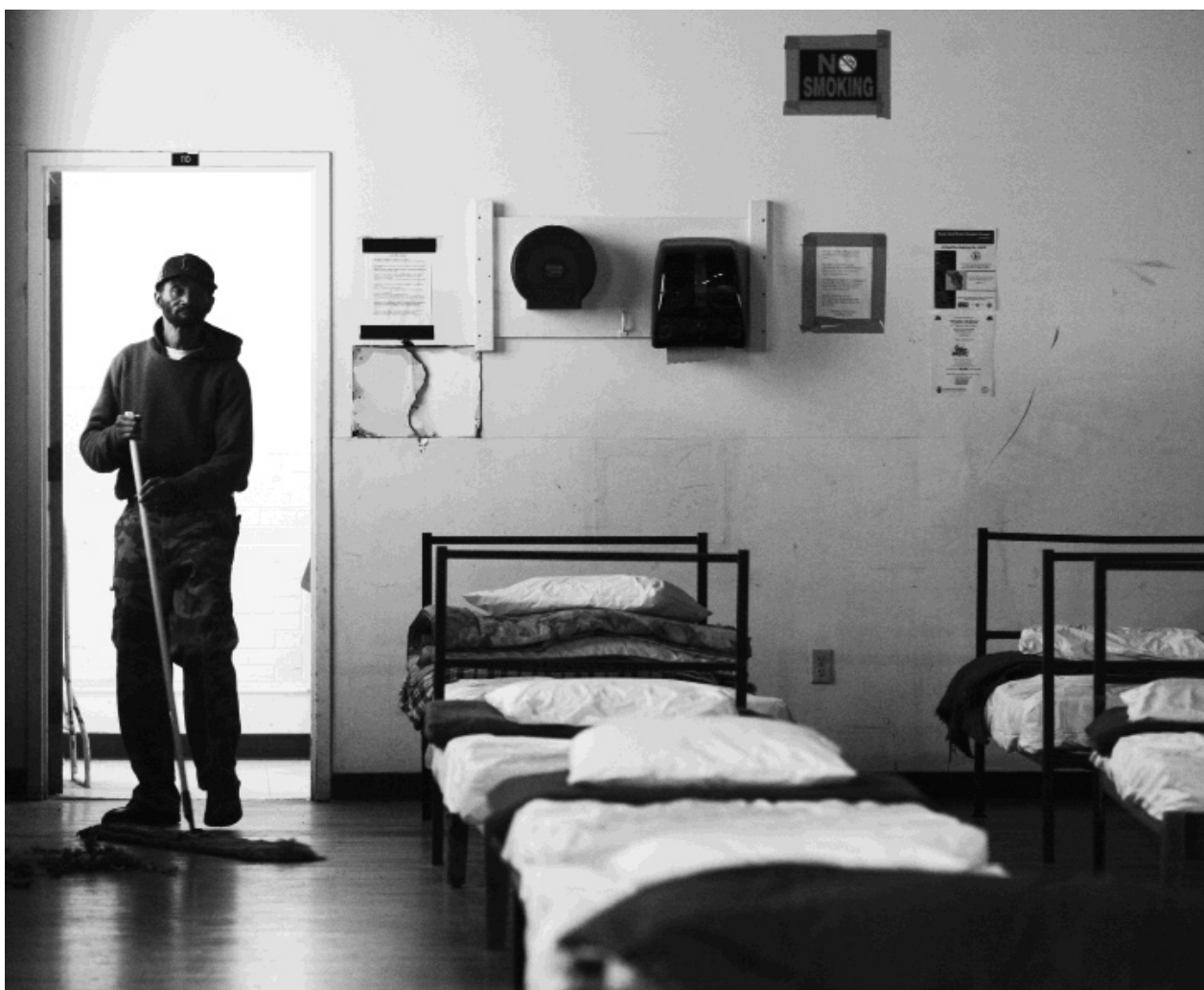
“Yup,” Ned answered.

“Quit your job?”

“Spent the day in the park drinking wine.”

“No painting? No writing?”

“No. It’s OK till next month and the bills come due.”



A homeless man sweeps the floor at a shelter. *REUTERS/Brian Snyder.*

Arjuna had heard the phrase from a Scottish folk singer. Nate had been stunned. He had talked to Lisa. Then she started sending her crew over to help for awhile. A week and a half passed that were better.

Tommy, her floor man, was cheerful, a laconic talker.

“Arjuna, we understand one another,” he said, as he noticed Arjuna growing out his hair, wearing a headband and a short ponytail. Tommy did this handshake thing, with the fists and the thumb. Arjuna had the sense they were dopers.

“I caught Lisa smoking dope with Tommy and Thin Chuckie in the van while you were in the kitchen.”

Nate was waiting for Arjuna in the lobby late.

“Could you drive the van home and drop them off? You’ll have an extra five hours a week.”

Arjuna had cracked his hardest habit. He was

So I sidle over to the counter after thinking, “Good luck. Wouldn’t want to be unemployed without support in this slush.”

Major slush raining from the sky. First time ever the plow driver lifted the blade so he wouldn’t coat me in icy spray.

Coffee ...

The dishwasher, a toast of a chick, says she quit her day job today, too.

“Finish the shift?”

“Yep.”

She had worked at the movie theater. Go figure.

The bartender, Ned, he’ll land on his feet, 14 years on the job without incident. Ronald’s Bar & Grill changed owners. Regulars beware. Things will be changing. Yep ... change is in the wind.

The first time I heard the song, “Man in the Long



# I'm So Far West that I'm East

## Life and lending in Bangladesh

By Lynne Ausman  
Staff Writer

Lynne Ausman, who is art director for *Streetvibes* and administrative coordinator for the Greater Cincinnati Coalition for the Homeless, is in Bangladesh for a five-week internship. Ausman is studying the Grameen Bank, founded by Muhammad Yunus, co-recipient of the 2006 Nobel Peace Prize.

Grameen bank pioneered the concept of micro-lending – making small loans, without requiring collateral, to help people in Third World countries to help them establish businesses.

While in Bangladesh, Ausman has been blogging about her experiences. Following are some excerpts. To follow Ausman's adventures, visit "So West I'm East" at [sowestimeast.wordpress.com](http://sowestimeast.wordpress.com).

### The Drive

July 8

Driving in Bangladesh is a life-changing experience. Even native Bangladeshis typically do not drive. If they have the means, they will purchase a car and then hire a driver by the day to drive the car. In short, travel by vehicle in Bangladesh is mostly a guessing game governed by horns, luck and close calls. At 70-plus kilometers per hour, vehicles come up on bicycle-powered rickshaws very quickly and changing into a lane that already has a massive bus or extravagantly decorated truck

is tricky. It's a lot of stop-and-start and speed-and-swerve.

When we arrived at the village of Dhambhamari, we walked to the bank branch. The countryside is lush and green – beautiful scenery; and we weren't even that far out of the city. It's quiet in the village, with few horns blaring and smog-free air. After about a five-minute walk through we boarded a rickety water taxi to take us across the flooded plain. Followed by another five-minute walk, we arrived at a small tin hut with 40-plus women packed inside, all chatting and preparing to pay their loans to the center manager and discuss various business-related issues. After the meeting and speaking with some of the women, we were invited by several to go to their homes and see how they make their products.

One woman used the money from the loan to purchase a cow for 17,000 taka and grain for 10,000 taka. She fattened the cow and used the milk from the cow for six months. She then sold the cow for 50,000 taka, making a 23,000 taka profit. (1 U.S. dollar equals 70 taka). In addition to paying off loans, women are also able to put money into a savings account and into a life-insurance pension plan.

We visited the National Martyrs Memorial, dedicated to the men who lost their lives in the Bangladeshi fight for freedom from Pakistan in 1971. The memorial is large, and the grounds are



Muhammad Yunus and Lynne Ausman. *Brandi List.*

beautiful and well-maintained. However, it was not the memorial that kept our attention. Upon entering the grounds, we were immediately being followed by a large group of teenage boys. This following and staring happens to white foreigners all the time, but rarely is the group aggressive. This group of boys were polite but insistent on having their picture taken with me. So somewhere in Bangladesh there is a group of boys with a picture of me and them. A little later, we were posing for a group picture and there were Bangladeshi men

See **BANGLADESH** P. 12

# “Feed Me, Seymour, Feed Me All Night Long...”



Re-Done Potato Broccoli Scramble.  
*Jeni Jenkins.*

By JENI JENKINS  
STAFF WRITER

Last week I hosted an amazing group of 35 students from Green Bay, Wis., for the Cincinnati Urban Experience (see “Learning by Serving Poor People,” page 6). Cincinnati Urban Experience is an alternative break program designed to provide participants with an experience of meaningful service and social-justice education that will motivate them to become active in the fight to end poverty and homelessness.

On one of the students' nights here, they kindly

### Re-Done Potato Broccoli Scramble

Serving Size: 3-4 bellies

1 tablespoon extra virgin olive oil  
2 tablespoons butter (or substitute for vegans)  
1 cup chopped red onion  
3 cloves fresh garlic  
4 leftover baked potatoes, cubed  
3 cups pre-cooked broccoli florets  
1 tablespoon curry powder  
Salt and pepper  
Optional for vegans:  
1 cup chopped or sliced American cheese  
4 eggs, scrambled

- Heat oil and butter in a large skillet over medium-high heat.
- Add onions and garlic and sauté 1 minute.
- Turn heat slightly down to medium and add potatoes. Mix evenly with onions and garlic.
- Add broccoli to the top of the potatoes, and continue cooking the potatoes for 1 minute, then mix broccoli and potatoes together and continue to cook an additional 3-4 minutes until potatoes are crisp and brown.
- Sprinkle evenly with curry powder. Season with salt and pepper to taste.
- For non-vegans, push veggie mixture aside in skillet and pour in eggs. Scramble until cooked to your liking and then mix eggs and veggies together. Turn off heat.
- Sprinkle with American cheese and cover for 1 minute or until cheese is melted.
- Serve with toast or English muffin and fruit.
- Voila, feed!

invited me to partake in a baked-potato dinner. As an Idahoan with a fondness for the glorious root, I graciously accepted. We feasted on baked taters loaded with broccoli, red onions and cheese, and it was fabulous. A couple days later as they were packing for home, they informed me that they had bagged up these leftovers for me to take home. After they left, I took them home to a

nearly empty fridge. I was famished, so I decided to quickly whip up this recipe using the leftovers. This was so tasty that I feasted on it every meal for two days. It works for breakfast, lunch or dinner. My suggestion is to reserve one night for baked potatoes, save the leftovers and then throw together this scramble for a lovely brunch the next day. Enjoy!

Interested in volunteering with Streetvibes?  
Contact Greg Flannery at 513-421-7803 x 12  
or by e-mail at [streetvibes2@yahoo.com](mailto:streetvibes2@yahoo.com)



# Prisoners Help Save City Pools



Lee McCoy distributing *Streetvibes*.  
Eamon Queeney.

## Meanwhile 3CDC plans to eliminate one

By Lee McCoy  
Streetvibes Vendor

The men at London Correctional Institution (LCI), I want to give you a note of praise. I understand the hard work that you had taken upon yourself to raise \$1,000 to help the kids in Cincinnati so they can get out of the heat. You had to sell a lot of veggie pies and other items.

Being an ex-guest myself of LCI, my state pay was \$18 a month. Your \$1,000 could have brought a lot of commissary items. I want you to know I see a lot of kids splashing around having a good time. It was nice seeing them there instead of hanging on a corner, getting in trouble. My hat goes off to you guys. Good luck. God bless each and every one of you.

Stan Chesley, the Cincinnati lawyer, led the fundraiser to keep the city pools began this spring knowing after the Cincinnati Recreation Department announced it would close four pools because of the budget. The fundraising effort gathered donations enough to keep the pools open in

Mount Auburn, College Hill, Fairview Heights and the East End, and the donations are enough to keep some of the pools open two weeks after most are scheduled to close by.

Just keep on swimming.

But now let's get to the nitty gritty.

The World Choir Games will be here in 2012. It is our mayor's pet project. If you don't know where the festival will be, let me enlighten you: It will be in Washington Park (see "TAKEOVER, page 4). I mean a renovated Washington Park – minus a swimming pool. Was I supposed to say that? Oh, well. Sink or swim. About 200,000 spectators and 20,000 participants are expected from 70 countries. I can imagine the revenue the city will generate. No wonder the swimming pool was not open.

Back in 1978 I was a Navy SEAL officer on a submarine called U.S. Enterprise. We were 4,000 fathoms under the sea and the sub exploded. Fighting my way to the surface, I grabbed an air bubble. It busted, so I did what comes natural – I passed gas and grabbed that. I fought all kinds of creatures. I even had sex with a mermaid. She got pregnant and had twins. Out came Charlie Tuna and Bumble Bee. If you believe this, maybe you believe next summer all pools will be open.



Art by Anthony Williams



Art by Anne Skove

**Say what?!**

It may well be that our means are fairly limited and our possibilities restricted when it comes to applying pressure on our government. But is this a reason to do nothing? Despair is nor an answer. Neither is resignation. Resignation only leads to indifference, which is not merely a sin but a punishment.

– Elie Wiesel

**Greater Cincinnati Coalition For The Homeless**

**POVERTY & HOMELESSNESS EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES**

The Greater Cincinnati Coalition for the Homeless (GCCH) is a unified social action agency, fully committed to its ultimate goal: the eradication of homelessness with respect for the dignity and diversity of its membership, the homeless and the community. GCCH works towards this goal by coordinating services, educating the public, and engaging in grassroots organizing and advocacy.

GCCH understands that **EDUCATION** is a key component to eradicating homelessness. GCCH provides educational opportunities to churches, companies, schools and universities throughout the Greater Cincinnati area. We believe that an educated public is a compassionate public willing to dedicate time and talent to creative solutions to homelessness. GCCH's education programs work to combat harmful stereotypes and myths about homelessness.

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# Free at Last, Now Freeing Others

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3

Word has traveled so a lot of people know me or know of me. And they know me from the streets and they know me from this side. The women are real receptive to it because they want out.

A lot of girls are falsely convinced that there is no way out and they're terrorized or tortured into believing that if they try to get out this individual will find them, hurt them or hurt their families—that instilled fear is real to us. It may not be real to everybody else, but it's real to us and that's all that matters. "I believe he's going to go hurt my kids or my mother or my family members because I've watched him do it to other girls."

So you're scared to even try to attempt it, you feel trapped mentally, not to mention physically, so that you don't go nowhere. You don't try to escape because you're scared of the consequences, 'What if?'

Right now I have a lady that needs to move into transitional housing. I have two of them actually—one of them is coming from the criminal justice system, one is coming from treatment. Now both these young ladies both these girls have extensive criminal backgrounds and they want to get out. But once again, those barriers of, "If I get out, what kind of job am I going to be able to have?"

I'm a role model for both of them right now because they've seen me come up out of the dirt, literally, out of jail with nothing and advance up the ladder as I have and get that respect and bring back things that I never thought I'd have and getting positions that we never would have thought women like us could be in.

*Vednita [Carter, Breaking Free founder] believes in hiring survivors, regardless of the backgrounds. We believe in second chance opportunities and empowering them.*

But with these women I show them that we can do this despite our records, despite everything in that. All they have to do is want it. If they want it, Breaking Free and myself are willing to walk, Vednita is willing to walk not in front of them but side by side with them, hold their hand the whole journey, not halfway through it.

This program offers a lifetime of support. So it's not like after 14 weeks you're done with our program or the funding ran out so your stuff is over. This is ongoing so if you leave us today and go back to the life, we're not going to feel any different about you. We'll pray for you and try to hope that God protects you while you're out there. And that you come back to us alive. We've got many women that haven't made it back and that we ended up attending their funerals.

So what I do is just let them know, "If you fall, it's OK. Call me." We have an emergency cell phone, they can call any time. I'm out in the streets doing outreach, so when I see them I treat them no differently from the first day that I met them, which means a lot to them.

We want people to know that we're human—don't have that sympathy and pity for us—poor her, poor her. No, it's just a situation happening. I need help and support to get out of it. We're women like you. We are somebody's child. How would you want your child to be treated if this happened to her?

No one's exempt from this. The women involved in this didn't cause this. The facts here are a woman's caught up in a very violent situation and as a community we need to come together and embrace her, otherwise why should she get out of it?

*The American myth of individualism tells people who are struggling with addiction, abuse, mental illness or poverty to simply pull themselves up by their own bootstraps. In reality, specially designed services and other kinds of support are essential to the process of transformation. This column is the second in an occasional series that will explore what it takes to Forget the Bootstraps in order to live a better life.*

# Seeking the Wild Cleanliness

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

Black Coat," I was coasting down Reading Road into Over-the-Rhine in my '73 yellow Plymouth Valiant in the rain. As the song vibrated my frayed speakers, Kent Wright asked, "Who sings this?" Kent was 10 years older than me. He was a temporary worker and my assistant supervisor. We were on our way home from the Pauline Warfield Lewis Center at 11 at night. Rainwater splashed around my balding tires. I supervised a crew of 13 janitors, all mentally ill client-workers, part of a mangled recovery program. (We were in the habit of calling managed care "mangled care.") Kent smelled of sweat and alcohol in the damp smoky car. I puffed on a strong filter-less cigarette, braking for the light at the corner of Liberty and Reading.

"It sounds like Bob Dylan," I said, "but I've never heard it before."

I had given up drinking nine months earlier, and the tangy alcohol smell on Kent was frustrating. He wasn't considered one of the clients because he was a temp worker. His black skin glistened in the wet light of Cincinnati's deep struggling night.

"Where do you want me to drop you?" I asked.

"It don't matter," he said. "Anywhere along here."

I wondered where he was going, what his home was like right now ... but I had to take care of

myself first. That meant getting home, up the three flights into the big high-ceilinged rooms where I must get to sleep to wake early to go tutor English at the university tomorrow. The cigarette smoke tickled my nose as Bob Dylan's nasal voice rattled.

Earlier Kent and I had played basketball one-on-one in the hospital gymnasium as the crew finished putting away the orange and black vacuums, yellow and orange buckets and long-handled mops. By now they knew the routine. The new workers followed the example of the old-timers. Kent kept me puzzled with this amazing scoop move under the hoop. He switched his dribble in the lane from left to right, then made a figure in the air as his right hand swept the ball away from my reach. Neither of us had an outside game. Kent was bigger, heavier, but quicker. I had the reach and height advantage, though. We both smoked and wheezed with fatigue as we approached 11 points one by one.

I felt I had to establish some kind of dominance over this man so that he wouldn't undermine my authority with the rest of the crew. Kent knew floor product, stripping and waxing and the scrubbing machine better than I did. And he knew he knew. It was best to let him work alone. But, then I might find him on a phone in an office, not working, or smoking in a non-designated area. If I could beat

Kent in one-on-one it would mean a lot. Bob came into the gym just as I scored, rising gracefully over Kent with a right-handed finger roll.

Bob had been a welder. He had a pocked gray face from when an acetylene regulator blew up in his face. Two days earlier I had come up behind him in an office as he was eating fried chicken out of a wastebasket.

"Bob," I said, "You had lunch with the crew. You don't need that."

"Oh, man, it's habit."

He looked at the floor, kicking at the carpet.

"I was homeless back in '82 and I just got into the habit. Now when I see food, I just can't help ..."

"It's OK. There's no shame in having been homeless. I've been there, too."

"Yeah. You won't tell Nate."

"No," I said.

Kent stood and waited, his hands on his hips. His shirt was soaked through, rings of sweat around his eyes beaded.

"Man, that was a move. Do it again."

I dribbled with my right hand, turned with my back to him, crossed the dribble, spun into a reverse pivot and swept past him to the basket.

"That's 11!" I said.

"You can't win," he said.



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# Granny Flats & Backyard Cottages

## Accessory dwelling units could be the fix

By **Michelle Dillingham**  
Contributing Writer

I have always suspected that the problem of homelessness was in some way related to the lack of affordable housing. My suspicion was confirmed when I read what Nan Roman, president of the National Alliance to End Homelessness, has written: “The solution to homelessness is housing.”

It’s interesting how so many people try to make it about something else.

Seeking policy solutions to our local affordable-housing crisis, I again ventured in search of best practices and found Seattle’s Affordable Housing Report supporting the idea of “accessible dwelling units.” Whenever I research a best practice being used to help alleviate the lack of affordable housing, I inevitably find myself reading zoning codes, alas. This adventure was no different as I delved into the fascinating world of accessible dwelling units or “ADUs.”

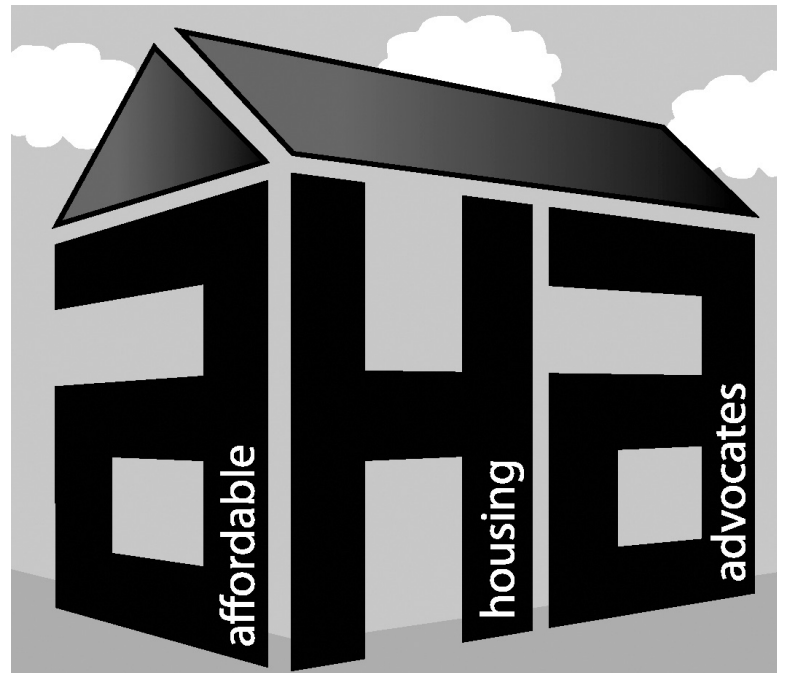
The ADU has been defined a few different ways, but the simplest definition I found is: “An accessory dwelling unit is a habitable living unit that provides the basic requirements of shelter, heating, cooking and sanitation.” Homes with detached garages, daylight basements, two-story homes, larger homes and alley access apparently lend themselves to ADUs. Simply put, an ADU is any dwelling that is secondary to the main dwelling but that can provide adequate facilities to be an independent living unit.

In 2008 the U.S. Department of Housing and

Urban Development (HUD) released a report, “Accessory Dwelling Units: Case Study,” that explains how the rise in popularity of the ADU can be attributed to the need for smaller housing despite a large stock of large houses with surplus space and a growing elderly population that hopes to “age in place.” HUD’s report looks favorably upon this housing option and notes other positives: ADUs can assist homeowners to bring in additional revenue by having tenants pay rent. Companionship or services are other benefits. ADUs add affordable units to existing housing, which is as an efficient use of existing housing stock and infrastructure. ADUs offer units in single-family neighborhoods for people at various stages of their life cycle or for people with disabilities who want to live independently but still can be close to needed support.

Opposition comes in its usual form: concern about increases in parking and traffic, decreases in property values, the threat to the “single-family character” of a neighborhood. However, these concerns have not been borne out in cities that have allowed ADUs with zoning regulations that provide controls. In a quick on-line search of the city of Cincinnati’s zoning code, I saw no reference of ADUs or cottages.

Supporters like the fact that there would be a decreased need for government subsidies, presumably because there would be more affordable “market rate” ADU units available. Also, new housing units are created while the look of a single-dwelling development is maintained. ADUs



provide a means for senior citizens, single parents or families with grown children to remain in their homes and neighborhoods and obtain extra income. Most compelling to me is that the ADU can provide a broader range of accessible and more affordable housing.

I encourage affordable-housing advocates to explore these creative ways to identify more affordable housing – affordably. There are a seemingly endless number of resources online to help communities codify zoning to support ADUs. For example, Vermont has a great brochure online that provides a wonderful synopsis of ADUs, “Adding an Apartment to Your House: New Opportunities for Homeowners: Accessory Dwelling Units.”

# At a Bar Near You: Guns R Us

## Ohio prepares to let firearms in saloons

By **Nicholas Hoesl**  
Contributing Writer

In the Gulf of Mexico, we know that oil and water don’t mix. What about guns and alcohol?

Ohio permit holders cannot yet carry loaded handguns into bars, restaurants and sports stadiums, but Senate Bill 239 breezed to passage. Some say it was “ram-rodged.” It passed without any meetings to hash out compromises on both sides of the aisle. Who said bipartisanship is dead?

Earlier this year the National Rifle Association (NRA) helped passengers to tote guns on Amtrak, hardly as an effort to boost ridership. Then an amendment allowing concealed weapons in national parks was snuck into the popular credit-card reform bill. Now you’re safe from people and bears. There’s more. Democrats in the U.S. House of Representatives have agreed to a special exemption from new finance-disclosure laws for the NRA. They’re on a roll.

What next? How about opening up the Cincinnati Zoo to those packing heat? Get a gun lobby to sponsor “Gun Day” – great practice before going to the big parks. Of course, endangered species would be off-limits. Now that we have casino-style

gambling at church festivals, introducing a few loose cannons into the crowd would liven things up. If this sounds far-fetched, last year 200 people showed up for “Take Your Gun to Church Day” in Kentucky. I don’t know if “Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition” was the favorite hymn. Not to be outdone, Louisiana Gov. Bobby Jindal recently signed yet another “Bring Your Gun to Church” bill. The city of Kennesaw, Ga., went beyond the right to bear arms. By law, every home in that city must have a gun.

Do you remember the incident in Watford City, North Dakota, when a rancher gunned down three men at an American Legion club after he was served two glasses of what he called “unsatisfactory beer?” In my neighborhood, a bar went out of business after a murder took place there. On the door of my library is a sign, “No Concealed Weapons.”

Just keep it all up front.

If you’re in a long line, does a gun get you better service? Do saloonkeepers believe that guns in bars will boost sales or bring back the smokers, or do they long for the blazing saddles of the Wild West? Can time-honored gentlemen’s duels be far behind?

I’m all for honoring a long tradition. Every American should be allowed one single-shot, muzzle-loading flintlock musket. Today’s guns should be at least as hard to get as a fishing or driver’s license. There are well-meaning folks who believe

that, if we gave a gun to everyone who entered a plane, it would be a real deterrent to terrorists. I first heard that one from Archie Bunker.

Our recent gun-slinging culture has evolved from the Saturday Night Special to the Sunday Street Sweeper. Buy a sweeper and you can skip target practice. It’s as easy as shooting fish in a barrel. Another tip: Pass over the licensed gun dealers and go to the gun shows, where few questions are asked and there’s no IQ test. Pick up a few hot-potato grenades.

The NRA endorsed Ohio Gov. Ted Strickland after he said he would sign the bars-restaurant bill if it passes in the Ohio House of Representatives. It wasn’t long ago that U.S. Sen. George Voinovich commented on Ohio’s proposed concealed-weapons law: “If guns made us safer, we’d be the safest country on Earth.” Keep in mind that our governor hails from the south end of the state, where people still talk of the feuding Hatfields and McCoys.

Never mind that the Fraternal Order of Police, county sheriffs, police chiefs and state associations representing county prosecutors all called this bill a dangerous idea. The politicians seem to be saying, “What do they know?” and “They don’t have the gun lobbies on their backs.” In the past election, Democrats got \$1.2 million from the NRA. This could be more than a shotgun wedding.

*Nicholas Hoesl is a retired pharmacist and author from Westwood.*

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# I'm So Far West that I'm East

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

surrounding our translator, who was taking the picture, to watch the photograph be taken.

## Rolling Blackouts

July 11

Bangladesh is still considered a Third World country. However, the country's economy and world presence is growing quickly, especially in the garment industry. As a result, there are rolling blackouts constantly. At first, all of us would stop and wait for the generators to kick on before continuing what we were doing. However, we all noticed that no one else seems to notice the blackouts. Last night solidified in all of our minds how much we have adapted to the blackouts in such a short time. There were six of us hanging out in my hotel room at the end of the day when the lights went out and the dull hum of electricity went out, and we all kept talking and carrying on like nothing had even happened.

By far the safest and possibly easiest way to get around, other than walking, is by hiring a car and driver for the day. It's pretty cheap – usually between 200 and 500 taka per person for the day. Yesterday 10 of us decided to go to Bashundhara City, the largest shopping mall in Southeast Asia. We had the hotel hire us a van. We all piled in and three blocks later we were sitting on the side of a road with an over-heated vehicle in 100-degree heat and 100 percent humidity.

However, in order to get to a safe place to pull over, we had to do a U-turn into oncoming traffic – and I’m serious about the oncoming traffic, large

buses, rickshaws and other cars coming straight for us as we go the wrong way on the wrong side of the road. The driver called another driver, and off we went to the mall. This gigantic mall has eight floors of shops of all kinds. I purchased a pair of Gucci sunglasses, priced at 2,000 taka. I paid 1,500 taka after some haggling – for a total of about \$25. I also purchased some scarves and gifts.

We had the opportunity to meet Muhammad Yunus yesterday.

"Each of us have the capacity to change the world," he said.

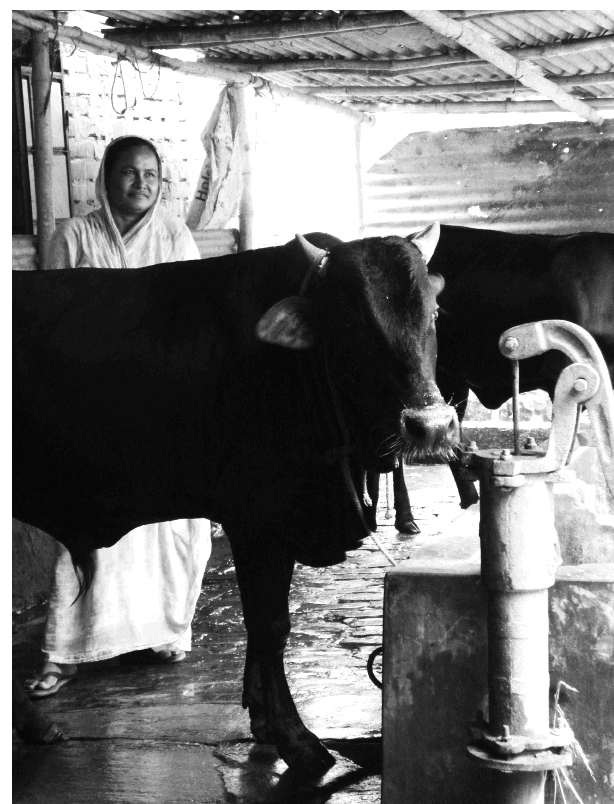
## Sirajgonj

July 18

In the village we spent most of our time visiting Grameen loan recipients and learning about how Grameen has changed their lives. We spoke with a new borrower, an experienced borrower, a student loan recipient, a struggling member and Grameen Bank staff. We also spent a good amount of time just hanging out outside the bank, where villagers would stop by because they heard foreigners were in town.

We stayed at the bank branch in two rooms – no air conditioning (mosquito nets a must), giant roaches, spiders, geckos and squat toilets. We were lucky. One of the other groups didn't have showers and had to use a bucket on the roof.

Oftentimes we would be hanging out in our room after dinner, playing a card game and several children would sneak upstairs and get us to come outside. When we went outside, 20 or more people would be in the yard waiting to see us and teach us some Bangla phrases. The children would



**A micro-loan helped this woman make a large profit on her purchase of a cow. *Lynne Ausman.***

beg to have their pictures taken – mostly so that they could see themselves on the camera screen. We also visited a local primary school where the children sang songs and showed off their English skills.

# Neighborhood Rejects Takeover

CONTINUED FROM P.AGE 4

park," Neumeier said. "Who's going to be living in Over-the-Rhine?"

The planned destruction of the trees was especially galling to participants in the rally, held when the temperature was in the mid-90s. A linden tree estimated to be 80 years old is among those scheduled to be destroyed.

Johnny Ridley first talked about swim meets he participated in at the Washington Park Pool when he was a child. Then he pleaded for the trees to be saved.

"I don't want to see the trees cut," he said. "If

it weren't for the trees, we'd be burning up right now."

Theater director Michael Burnham talked about the way other cultures regard old trees, including England and Germany. He mentioned the German immigrants who settled in Over-the-Rhine in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, giving the neighborhood its name.

"You are sitting in the living room of the city of Cincinnati, the one place where you can go when it's hot and there is shade," Burnham said. "Linden trees grow here. They also grow in Germany, where they are considered sacred. We had some German folks here. Ever wonder how that tree got here 80

years ago? If we lose that tree, what does it say about who we are?"

Burnham led a ritual in which he twirled with a watering can, watering the condemned trees and inviting the crowd to join him in dedicating the trees to the people who run 3CDC, their ancestors and descendants.

“We dedicate you in the name of those who would cut you down,” Burnham said. “In their name, we dedicate you to their ancestors, who may have known better. And we dedicate you in their name to their children’s children for as long as it takes to grow a tree, so that they may know better.”



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# The Mockingbird that Never Died

## Celebrating a classic novel's anniversary

By **Lew Moores**  
Contributing Writer

Jean Louise “Scout” Finch is a tomboy. She is 6 years old as the story begins, has taught herself to read even before the first grade, yet hates the idea of going to school, addresses her father by his first name and refuses to back away from – indeed, even initiates - a good physical fight with boys. She lives in fictional Maycomb, Alabama. The Great Depression began a couple of years earlier and FDR is president.

*Maycomb was an old town, but it was a tired old town when I first knew it. In rainy weather the streets turned to red slop; grass grew on the sidewalks, the courthouse sagged in the square. ... There was no hurry, for there was nowhere to go, nothing to buy and no money to buy it with, nothing to see outside the boundaries of Maycomb County. But it was a time of vague optimism for some of the people: Maycomb County had recently been told that it had nothing to fear but fear itself.*

The story is told through Scout's eyes. She lives with her brother, Jem, and father, Atticus Finch, a lawyer. At the outset, she and Jem befriend a boy named Dill, who is spending the summer with his aunt, who lives next door; and they spend much of their time early in this classic novel figuring out how to flush out a neighborhood recluse named Boo Radley. It was Dill, Scout points out, who “first gave us the idea of making Boo Radley come out.”

But while this coming-of-age novel starts off as an evolving story of a child's awe of the mysterious and a child-like excitement over a pending sense of adventure, it quickly becomes a more profound exploration and examination of race and class and poverty, of the evil and the noble, in the Deep South of Depression-era America. A quick summary: Atticus Finch is asked to defend an African-American man accused of raping and beating a white woman at a time when rape was a capital offense and black men could be extra-legally lynched just for whistling at a white woman.

### Part of the canon

This year marks the 50th anniversary of the 1960 publication of Harper Lee's *To Kill a Mockingbird*, a book that won the Pulitzer Prize for fiction in 1961, was made into an award-winning film in 1962, has sold, by media accounts, more than 30 million copies over the years, and is widely taught in high schools across the country. One media account noted that in 1988 the novel was being taught in 74 percent of the country's public schools.

The 50th anniversary is being marked across the country with readings, panel discussions, music and performances at libraries, bookstores and other public forums. The *New York Times* noted in late May that at least 50 events had been planned. The National Endowment for the Arts has issued a list of discussion questions for those studying the novel – “How does Atticus quietly protest Jim Crow laws even before Tom Robinson's trial?” – as well as the historical context of civil rights in the United States. The *New York Times* also noted that recent sales of the book have been “robust,” especially in the South and in the Midwest in states like Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. HarperCollins, the novel's publisher, notes on its Web site that most events took place last month, with another handful this month and more in September, from Mobile, Ala., to Boston to Des Moines, Iowa.

In Cincinnati, the National Underground Railroad Freedom Center marked the anniversary by showing the film July 11. More than 30 school-age children from Dayton attended.

Andrea Faulkner is the manager for English/Language Arts curriculum for Cincinnati Public Schools. While the novel is not required reading at CPS, many teachers have taught the novel.

“It's being taught at different grade levels,

mostly at the high-school level,” she says. “We supply a district-adopted textbook. Many teachers supplement that textbook with novels that are part of the English canon.”

Faulkner taught the novel for eight school years while she was an English teacher in Brown County and at Northwest Local School District in Colerain Township. She chose to teach the novel. She says she always prepped her class for what they were about to read, the history of Jim Crow, of the Depression, about Harper Lee and how this would become her only work (she is now 84 years old), an introduction to some of the characters her students would meet in the novel and also the language. The phrase “nigger-lover” is quite common in the text, and the alleged crime is rape.

How did she deal with the language in the book?

“I pre-warned every group of students I had,” Faulkner says. “But I'm going to teach the book as written. I tell the students, ‘When it's your turn to read, if you choose to leave that out, I respect that, but I don't want you to replace it with anything.’ I asked my African American students, ‘Am I offending you by doing this?’ I asked my white students the same. It's also part of our standards to teach how language changes, is affected by events and time.

“As you teach it, you take the children and have them go back and look at how they would respond to this injustice. Now this is the 1930s and you're white, so how do you respond? You're African American, how do you respond? Female, how do you respond?”

Faulkner asks her students to transport themselves back close to 80 years to and step into the shoes of a character from the 1930s, much as Atticus asks Scout to “climb into his skin and walk around in it,” referring to anyone whose motives are hard to fathom.

Were Faulkner's students able to appreciate the events that took place during the Depression, with a pre-civil rights-era America?

“It depended on the group of kids and on how much detail I would need to go into,” she says. “Depression, they got – especially Brown County, where there is quite a bit of poverty. A lot of students could understand poverty. The Depression was not the big issue. It was trying to understand the racial issues.”

Could they wrap themselves around the racial issues?

“They can,” Faulkner says. “It just takes a little more exposure. They have very limited exposure.”

### ‘Moral Ritalin’?

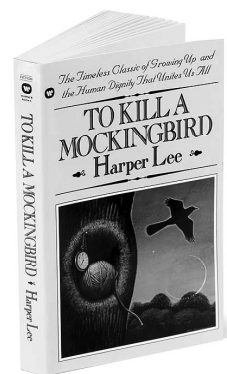
*Mockingbird* is more often taught at the high-school level, rather than college, according to Jennifer Glaser, assistant professor of English and comparative literature at the University of Cincinnati.

“That's primarily because of the age of the main characters and the fact that it has become a classic adolescent fiction,” Glaser writes in an e-mail. “Coming-of-age novels are often absent from American lit curricula. Sometimes, for better or worse, the popularity of a novel keeps it out of the college classroom as well.

“However, I think there's definitely room for (*Mockingbird*) in the college English department. The novel brings up a lot of important issues about the history of American attitudes toward race, the use of pejorative language for African Americans and the like. I think it would invigorate discussion for many college students and would let them compare how their own attitudes toward race have changed from the first time they've read the novel until now.”

Glaser has never taught the novel at the college level.

“Although I think it could be a great book to teach in a class that focused on American attitudes toward race, Southern literature,” Glaser writes. “What's interesting about Lee's novel is the way in



which it provides a particular snapshot of the Jim Crow South of Harper Lee's childhood. If I were teaching the novel, I would definitely talk about how important Lee's exploration of racism in the South was, but I'd also allow my students the room to be critical of the work and some of its pieties. The writer Malcolm Gladwell recently published a great critique of the novel/film in the *New Yorker* that I'd have my students read alongside all the glowing criticism the novel has inspired.”

The piece Glaser refers to appeared in an August issue of the *New Yorker* last year. The piece is provocative. Gladwell calls the fictional Atticus a “Jim Crow liberal” and compares him to some Southern politicians of the 1950s, such as Gov. Jim Folsom of Alabama, who believed that African Americans should be accommodated, treated well, with a sense of noblesse oblige. They should be treated with a sense of neighborliness. But that didn't mean legally ending segregation or opening polling places.

Atticus Finch was one of them. He didn't rail against injustice, was in no way a political or civil-rights activist. He accepts with stoicism – we'll appeal – Tom Robinson's guilty verdict.

“If Finch were a civil-rights hero, he would be brimming with rage at the unjust verdict,” Gladwell writes. “But he isn't. He's not Thurgood Marshall looking for racial salvation through the law. He's Jim Folsom, looking for racial salvation through hearts and minds.

“Here is where the criticism of Finch begins, because the hearts-and-minds approach is about accommodation, not reform.”

Others have chipped away. Thomas Mallon, writing in the *New Yorker* in 2006, on the publication of a biography of Harper Lee, called Atticus a “plaster saint,” and said that if the novel were widely read in public schools, “it is less because the novel was likely to stimulate students toward protest than because it acted as a kind of moral Ritalin.”

The syndicated columnist Kathleen Parker, writing last month on the 50th anniversary, took issue with Gladwell's assessment.

“Lee's famous and only novel has earned scorn as critics opine about the way things should have been, not only in real life but also in the artistic treatment of the era,” Parker wrote.

She is suggesting the setting is 1930s Alabama. What would you expect of Atticus Finch? William Kunstler? The late Allen Brown of Cincinnati? It would be close to another 30 years before we get to Martin Luther King Jr., Medgar Evers, civil rights and voting rights bills.

### ‘Stand up’

*Miss Jean Louise, stand up. Your father's passin'.*

It is a moving passage. Tom Robinson has just been convicted, but the African Americans in the balcony at the courthouse, from where Scout and her brother have watched the proceedings, pay homage to the man who tried to defend Robinson. One of them, the Rev. Sykes, asks Scout to stand.

“The Depression era setting of the novel may seem foreign to 21st-century students, but I think Lee still makes the novel infinitely relatable by focusing on young characters who are being introduced to the pain of the adult world for the first time,” Glaser writes. “The work endures because it spoke to truths about race that still resonate in the present day.”

What did Faulkner want her students to take away from the work?

“I think the major points they took away were injustice and to be intolerant of injustice,” she says. “The story appeals to today's students. If the kids didn't quite understand being treated poorly or persecuted because of the color of their skin, they did understand injustice. So when Tom is found guilty, the kids, just like Scout, are mad.

“What excites me is just the desire of our young people to read.”





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<b>Salvation Army</b> 131 E. 12th Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	762-5660
<b>YWCA Battered Women’s Shelter</b>	872-9259

**Shelter: Men**

<b>City Gospel Mission</b> 1419 Elm Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	241-5525
<b>Justice Watch</b>	241-0490
<b>St. Fran/St. Joe Catholic Work. House</b> 1437 Walnut Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	381-4941
<b>Mt. Airy Shelter</b>	661-4620

**Shelter: Both**

<b>Anthony House (Youth)</b> 2728 Glendora Ave, Cinti, Ohio 45209	961-4080
<b>Caracole (HIV/AIDS)</b> 1821 Summit Road, Cinti, Ohio 45237	761-1480
<b>Drop Inn Center</b> 217 W. 12th Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	721-0643
<b>Interfaith Hospitality Network</b>	471-1100
<b>Lighthouse Youth Center (Youth)</b> 3330 Jefferson, Cinti, Ohio 45220	221-3350

**Housing:**

<b>CMHA</b>	721-4580
<b>Excel Development</b>	632-7149
<b>OTR Community Housing</b> 114 W. 14th Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	381-1171
<b>Tender Mercies</b> 27 W. 12th Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	721-8666
<b>Tom Geiger House</b>	961-4555
<b>Dana Transitional Bridge Services</b>	751-0643
<b>Volunteers of America</b>	381-1954
<b>Anna Louise Inn</b>	421-5211

**Food/Clothing**

<b>Lord’s Pantry</b>	621-5300
<b>OTR/Walnut Hills Kitchen &amp; Pantry</b> OTR: 1620 Vine Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202 Walnut Hills: 2631 Gilbert, Cinti, Ohio 45206	961-1983
<b>Our Daily Bread</b> 1730 Race Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	621-6364
<b>St. Francis Soup Kitchen</b>	535-2719
<b>Churches Active in Northside</b>	591-2246

4230 Hamilton Ave, Cinti, Ohio 45223	
<b>FreeStore/FoodBank</b>	241-1064
112 E. Liberty Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	
<b>Madisonville Ed &amp; Assistance Center</b> 4600 Erie Ave, Cinti, Ohio 45227	271-5501
Serves area codes: 45226, 45227, 45208, 45209	
<b>St. Vincent de Paul</b> 1125 Bank Street, Cinti, Ohio 45214	562-8841

**Treatment: Men**

<b>Charlie’s 3/4 House</b> 2121 Vine Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	784-1853
<b>Prospect House</b> 682 Hawthorne Ave, Cinti, Ohio 45205	921-1613
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<b>CCAT</b> 830 Ezzard Charles Dr. Cinti, Ohio 45214	381-6672
<b>Joseph House (Veterans)</b> 1522 Republic Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	241-2965
<b>Hamilton County ADAS Board</b>	946-4888
<b>Recovery Health Access Center</b>	281-7422
<b>Sober Living</b>	681-0324
<b>Talbert House</b>	641-4300

**Advocacy**

<b>Catholic Social Action</b>	421-3131
<b>Community Action Agency</b>	569-1840
<b>Contact Center</b> 1227 Vine Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	381-4242
<b>Franciscan JPIC</b>	721-4700
<b>Gr. Cinti Coalition for the Homeless</b> 117 E. 12th Street, Cinti, Ohio 45202	421-7803
<b>Intercommunity Justice &amp; Peace Cr.</b>	579-8547
<b>Legal Aid Society</b>	241-9400
<b>Ohio Justice &amp; Policy Center</b>	421-1108
<b>Faces Without Places</b>	363-3300
<b>Stop AIDS</b>	421-2437

**Health**

<b>Center for Respite Care</b> 3550 Washington Ave, Cinti, Ohio 45229	621-1868
<b>Crossroad Health Center</b> 5 E. Liberty St. Cinti, Ohio 45202	381-2247

<b>Health Resource Center</b>	357-4602
<b>Homeless Mobile Health Van</b>	352-2902
<b>McMicken Dental Clinic</b> 40 E. McMicken Ave, Cinti, Ohio 45202	352-6363
<b>Mental Health Access Point</b>	558-8888
<b>Mercy Franciscan at St. John</b> 1800 Logan St. Cinti, Ohio 45202	981-5800
<b>NAMI of Hamilton County</b>	458-6670
<b>PATH Outreach</b>	977-4489

**Other Resources**

<b>Center Independent Living Options</b>	241-2600
<b>Emmanuel Community Center</b> 1308 Race St. Cinti, Ohio 45202	241-2563
<b>Peaslee Neighborhood Center</b> 214 E. 14th St. Cinti, Ohio 45202	621-5514
<b>Franciscan Haircuts from the Heart</b> 1800 Logan St. Cinti, Ohio 45202	381-0111
<b>Goodwill industries</b>	771-4800
<b>Healing Connections</b>	751-0600
<b>Mary Magdalen House</b> 1223 Main St. Cinti, Ohio 45202	721-4811
<b>People Working Cooperatively</b>	351-7921
<b>The Caring Place</b>	631-1114
<b>United Way</b>	211
<b>Women Helping Women</b>	977-5541
<b>Off The Streets</b>	768-6924
<b><u>Hamilton/Middletown</u></b>	

<b>St. Raephaels</b>	863-3184
<b>Salvation Army</b>	863-1445
<b>Serenity House Day Center</b>	422-8555
<b>Open Door Pantry</b>	868-3276

**Northern Kentucky**

<b>Brighton Center</b> 799 Ann St. Newport, KY	859-491-8303
<b>ECHO/Hosea House</b>	859-261-5857
<b>Fairhaven Resuce Mission</b>	859-491-1027
<b>Homeward Bound Youth</b>	859-581-1111
<b>Mathews House</b>	859-261-8009
<b>Homeless &amp; Housing Coalition</b>	859-727-0926
<b>Parish Kitchen</b>	859-581-7745
<b>Pike St. Clinic</b>	859-291-9321
<b>Transitions, Inc</b>	859-491-4435
<b>Welcome House of NKY</b> 205 West Pike Street, Covington, KY 41011	859-431-8717
<b>Women’s Crisis Center</b>	859-491-3335
<b>VA Domiciliary</b>	859-559-5011
<b>VA Homeless</b>	859-572-6226

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# Barbara Gamboa's Life-Canvas



Barbara Gamboa in front of her painting, *Guerlain, the Song of Haiti*. **Bill Howes.**

## Freedom fighter wages art

As a teenager, Barbara Gamboa was known as “the freedom rider.” The youngest person in the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), she would spend her free time designing signs and posters to be used in marches and demonstrations. This was in the mid-1960s, when segregation was prominent and the civil rights movement expanding.

Gamboa, of African American origin, was born

## Artists as Activists

By SAAD GHOSN  
CONTRIBUTING WRITER

in Selma, Ala., a city the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. put on the activists’ map. At age 4 she came to Cincinnati to join her parents, who had preceded her, leaving their fields in the deep South for a new and free life, working in the kitchen of downtown’s Mills Restaurant. In Cincinnati, she lived in many places, and as a child, art would always busy her hands.

“Art came to me very early,” Gamboa says. “I would draw pictures in the sand, paint with nail polish and charcoal pieces, make dolls and clothes from paper bags, create designs from chewing-gum foil ...”

High-school art teacher and well-known Cincinnati artist Jack Mueller recognized Gamboa’s talent and encouraged her to attend the Art Academy. Tuition was high, though, and not knowing what to do, Gamboa, 17, joined the army to become a surgical nurse. She worked mostly in the operating room, in an orthopedic treatment center in Fort Gordon, Ga., witnessing many limb amputations due to the Vietnam War. The violence she encountered then has stayed with her ever since.

After three years in the army and an interlude living in California, Gamboa returned to Cincinnati, now married with children. She decided to pursue her education, earning a master’s degree in education, focusing on developmental disability, at the University of Cincinnati. For more than 25 years she taught disabled and emotionally or

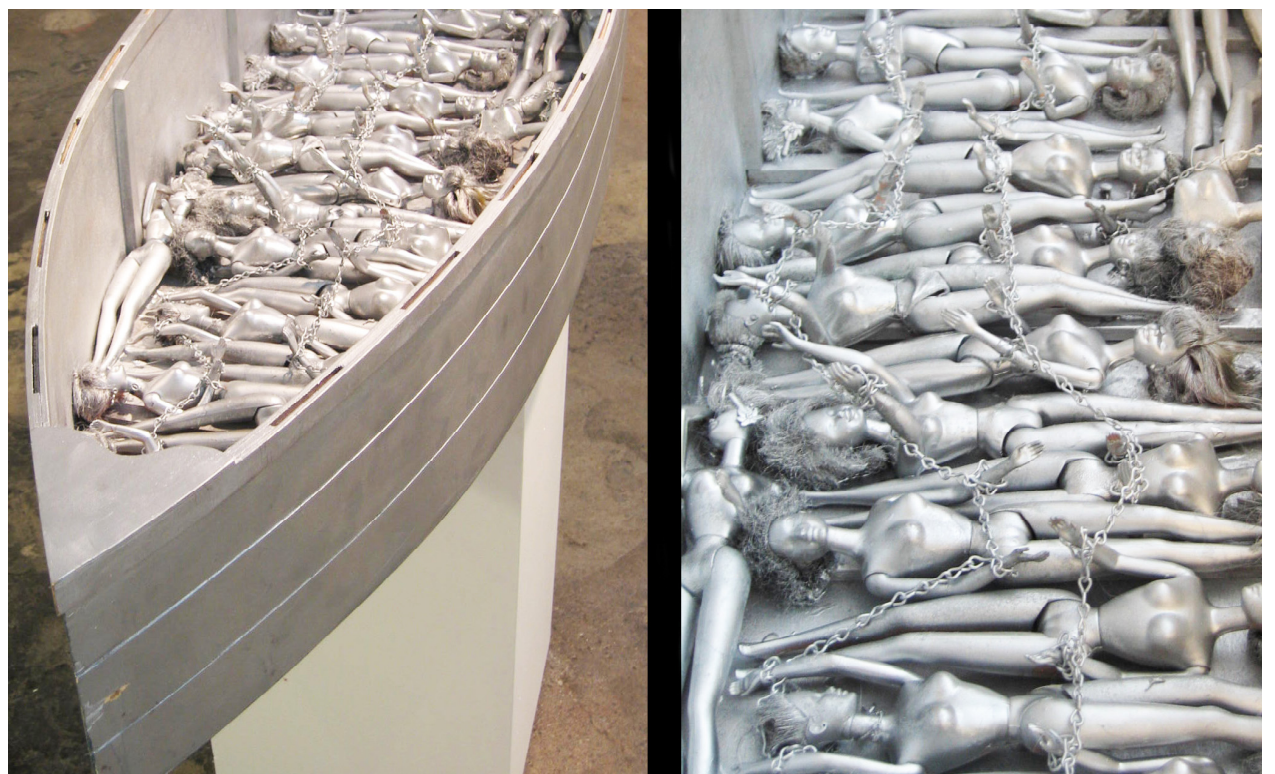
behaviorally impaired children in the Cincinnati Public Schools.

Whether in high school, in the army, unemployed or teaching children, Gamboa always used art as a means for self-expression and as a tool to achieve her social and educational objectives. In high school, she used her art for justice and equality. In the army, her paintings addressed problems of poverty and malnutrition in Biafra and the colonialist wars in Africa at the time.

While teaching, she used art to engage her students, introduce important concepts, address timely issues and illustrate history. To help her students learn to read, she drew images, connecting them to words. Teaching black history, she used collages from old newspapers creating artistically attractive bulletin boards to capture kids’ interest and attention. For each subject taught she would organize her art to coincide with the topic, art becoming itself part of the learning.

During that period Gamboa received four teacher art grants from the “Keep Cincinnati Beautiful” program. The grants funded her use of photography to teach kids about the environment, recycling and community values. She and her students traveled the city, taking photographs about environmental issues. The grant also helped start school gardens, teaching children about foods, their origins, their role in a healthful diet and a green environment.

Five years ago Gamboa retired from teaching.



Composite image of *Good Ship Fidelity*, mixed-media sculpture by Barbara Gamboa. **Bill Howes.**

The violence she had experienced both in the army and dealing with kids’ problems resurfaced as post-traumatic stress disorder, causing her heart arrhythmia. Having more free time, she started making art daily; it helped her recovery.

Gamboa’s art addresses race, slavery and other issues.

“All issues are whole, interconnected, generalized,” she says. “Their causes stem from the same well. It is not only black and white; it is most often good and evil, right and wrong.”

*Good Ship Fidelity*, a mixed media sculpture, represents a small boat in which she positioned, naked, hair cut and chained, Barbie dolls she painted silver. It reconstituted, based on historic diagrams, the physical reality of a slave boat. “While making this piece, I was always in tears,” she says. “It made me relate directly and emotionally to the fate of thousands of my distant relatives; (it) also put me in touch with the bigotry and injustice still prevailing in our society.”

Gamboa features dolls and baby figures in other installations. She uses them as innocent, vulnerable indicators and victims of neglect and violence.

“When I was young, I thought more in terms of race,” she says. “Now I realize that, in our male-dominated society gender ... control and domination of women is often the real issue.”

Her painting, *Guerlain, the Song of Haiti*, is about poor indigenous living conditions of Haiti, perceived as a tropical paradise by insensitive tourists. *Upstream* is about Katrina and the wiping away of family structure as a result of the physical ravage. In *The Greeting*, a woman in the background, a hummingbird and lush vegetation depict her longing for a welcoming garden.

When not doing her own art, Gamboa curates shows, bringing together artists of various cultural and ethnic backgrounds, connecting them by ideas and themes. The shows concretize her views of a reconciled, tolerant, happy world. *I See Africa: Perceptions, Reality and Imagining*, a show she recently curated at the Kennedy Heights Arts Center, allowed a group of diverse artists to bring forward their concepts of Africa, contributing to a multifaceted reality not only of the continent but also of life in general.

“I am an activist through my own art,” Gamboa says, “also through my use of art to empower others. There are things I won’t bear, and I respond to them. For me, life is what counts, and kindness and good human qualities are the essence. There is no separation between my life and my art. My canvas becomes my life; both blend together.”